

Jew. I will be assured I may: and that I may be assured, I will bethinke mee, may I speake with *Antonio*?

Bass. If it please you to dine with vs.
Jew. Yes, to smell porke, to eate of the habitation which your Prophet the Nazarite coniured the diuell into: I will buy with you, sell with you, talke with you, walke with you, and so following: but I will not eate with you, drinke with you, nor pray with you. What newes on the Ryalta, who is he comes here?

Enter Antonio.

Bass. This is signior *Antonio*.
Jew. How like a fawning publican he looks. I hate him for he is a Christian: But more, for that in low simplicitie He lends out money gratis, and brings downe The rate of vñance here with vs in *Venice*. If I can catch him once vpon the hip, I will feede fat the ancient grudge I beare him. He hates our sacred Nation, and he railes Euen there where Merchants most doe congregate On me, my bargaines, and my well-worne thurst, Which he calls interest: Cursed be my Trybe If I forgive him.

Bass. *Shylock*, doe you heare.
Shy. I am debating of my present store, And by the neere gesse of my memorie I cannot instantly raise vp the grosse Of full three thousand ducats: what of that? *Tuball* a wealthy Hebrew of my Tribe Will furnish me; but soft, how many months Doe you desire? Rest you faire good signior, Your worship was the last man in our mouthes.
Ant. *Shylock*, albeit I neither lend nor borrow By taking, nor by giuing of excellence, Yet to supply the ripe wants of my friend, Ile breake a custome: is he yet posselt How much he would?

Shy. I, I, three thousand ducats.
Ant. And for three months.
Shy. I had forgot, three months, you told me so. Well then, your bond: and let me see, but heare you, Me thoughts you said, you neither lend nor borrow Vpon aduantage.
Ant. I doe neuer vse it.
Shy. When *Jacob* graz'd his Vñcle *Labans* sheepe, This *Jacob* from our holy *Abram* was (As his wife mother wrought in his behalfe) The third posseller; I, he was the third.

Ant. And what of him, did he take interest?
Shy. No, not take interest, not as you would say Directly interest, marke what *Jacob* did, When *Laban* and himselfe were compremyz'd That all the cancelings which were freakt and pied Should fall as *Jacobs* hier, the Ewes being rancke, In end of Autumne turned to the Rammes, And when the worke of generation was Betweene these woolly breeders in the east, The skilfull shepheard pil'd me certaine wands, And in the dooing of the deede of kinde, He sticke them vp before the fulsome Ewes, Who then conceauing, did in caning time Fall party-colour'd lambs, and those were *Jacobs*. This was a way to thriue, and he was blest:

And thrift is blessing if men steale it not.

Ant. This was a venture fir that *Jacob* seru'd for, A thing not in his power to bring to passe, But sway'd and fashion'd by the hand of heauen. Was this inferred to make interest good? Or is your gold and siluer Ewes and Rams?

Shy. I cannot tell, I make it breede as fast, But note me signior.

Ant. Marke you this *Bassanio*, The diuell can cite Scripture for his purpose, An euill soule producing holy witnesse, Is like a villaine with a smiling cheek, A goodly applerotten at the heart. O what a goodly outside falsehood hath.

Shy. Three thousand ducats, 'tis a good round sum. Three months from twelue, then let me see the rate.

Ant. Well *Shylock*, shall we be beholding to you?
Shy. Signior *Antonio*, many a time and oft In the Ryalta you haue rated me

About my monies and my vñances: Still haue I borne it with a patient shrug, (For suffrance is the badge of all our Tribe.) You call me misbeleuer, cut-throate dog, And spit vpon my Iewish gaberdine, And all for vse of that which is mine owne. Well then, it now appears you neede my helpe: Goe to then, you come to me, and you say, *Shylock*, we would haue moneyes, you say so: You that did void your rume vpon my beard, And foote me as you spurne a stranger curre Ouer your threshold, moneyes is your suite. What should I say to you? Should I not say, Hath a dog money? Is it possible A curre should lend three thousand ducats? or Shall I bend low, and in a bond-mans key With bated breath, and whispering humblenesse, Say this: Faire sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last; You spurn'd me such a day; another time You call'd me dog: and for these curtesies Ile lend you thus much moneyes.

Ant. I am as like to call thee so againe, To spit on thee againe, to spurne thee too. If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not As to thy friends, for when did friendship take A breede of barraine metall of his friend? But lend it rather to thine enemy, Who if he breake, thou maist with better face Exact the penalties.

Shy. Why looke you how you forme, I would be friends with you, and haue your loue, Forget the shames that you haue staine'd me with, Supplie your present wants, and take no doite Of vñance for my moneyes, and youle not heare me, This is kinde I offer.

Bass. This were kindnesse.
Shy. This kindnesse will I shewe, Goe with me to a Notarie, seale me there Your single bond, and in a merrie sport If you repaie me not on such a day, In such a place, such sum or sums as are Exprest in the condition, let the forfeite Be nominated for an equall pound Of your faire flesh, to be cut off and taken In what part of your bodie it pleasef me.

Ant. Content in faith, Ile seale to such a bond, And say there is much kindnesse in the Jew.

Bass. You

Bass. You shall not seale to such a bond for mee, I rather dwell in my necessities.

Ant. Why feare not man, I will not forfeite it, it will Within these two months, that's a month before This bond expires, I doe expect returne.

Shy. O father *Abram*, what these Christians are, Whose owne hard dealings teaches them suspect to requit The thoughts of others: Praise you tell me this, what should I gaue If he should breake his daie, what should I gaue By the exaction of the forfeiture?

A pound of mans flesh taken from a man, is not so estimable, profitable neither, As flesh of Muttons, Beestes, or Goates, I say, To buy his fauour, I extend this friendship, If he will take it, so if not adieu, And for my loue I praise you wrong me not.

Ant. Yes *Shylock*, I will seale vnto this bond.

Shy. Then meete me forthwith at the Notaries, Give him direction for this merrie bond, And I will goe and purse the ducats straight. See to my house left in the fearfulfull garde Of an vnchristie knaue: and presentlie Ile be with you. *Exit.*

Ant. Hee thee gentle Jew. This Hebrew will turne Christian, he growes kinde.
Bass. I like not faire teames, and a villaines minde.

Ant. Come on, in this there can be no dismaie, My Shippes come home a month before the daie. *Exit.*

Actus Secundus.

Enter Morochus a tawny Moore all in white, and three or foure followers accordingly, with Portia, Nerriisa, and their traine.
Mo. Cornets.

Mor. Mislike me not for my complexion, The shadowed luerie of the burnisht sunne, To whom I am a neighbour, and neere bred. Bring me the fairest creature Northward borne, Where *Phabus* fire scarce thawes the yficles, And let vs make incision for your loue, To proue whose blood is reddest, his or mine. Itell thee Ladie this aspect of mine Hath feard the valiant, (by my loue I sweare) The best regarded Virgins of our Clyme Haue lou'd it to: I would not change this hue, Except to steale your thoughts my gentle Queene.

Por. In teares of choise I am not solie led, By nice direction of a maidens eies: Besides, the lottrie of my destenie Bars me the right of voluntarie choosings: But if my Father had not scauted me, And hedg'd me by his wit to yeelde my selfe His wife, who wins me by that meanes I told you, Your selfe (renowned Prince) than stood as faire As any commer I haue look'd on yet.

Mor. Euen for that I thanke you, Therefore I pray you leade me to the Caskets To trie my fortune: By this Symitare

That flew the Sophie, and a Persian Prince That won three fields of Sultan Solymán, I would ore-stare the sternest eies that looke: Out-braue the heart most daring on the earth: Plucke the yong sucking Cubs from the she Beare; Yea, mocke the Lion when he rores for pray To win the Ladie. But alas, the while, If *Hercules* and *Lycas* plaie at dice Which is the better man, the greater throw May turne by fortune from the weaker hand: So is *Alcides* beaten by his rage, And to may I blinde fortune leading me Misse that which one vnworthier may attaine, And die with gricuing.

Port. You must take your chance, And either not attempt to choose at all, Or sweare before you choose, if you choose wrong Neuer to speake to Ladie afterward In way of marriage, therefore be aduis'd.

Mor. Nor will not, come bring me vnto my chance.
Por. First forward to the temple, after dinner Your hazard shall be made.

Mor. Good fortune then, To make me blest or cursed ft among men. *Exit.*

Enter the Clowne alone.

Clow. Certainly, my conscience will serue me to run from this Iew my Maister: the fiend is at mine elbow, and tempts me, saying to me, *Tobbe*, *Launcelet Tobbe*, good *Launcelet*, or good *Tobbe*, or good *Launcelet Tobbe*, vse your legs, take the start, run awaie: my conscience saies no; take heede honest *Launcelet*, take heede honest *Tobbe*, or as afore-said honest *Launcelet Tobbe*, doe not runne, scorne running with thy heeles: well, the most coragious fiend bids me packe, *fi* saies the fiend, away saies the fiend, for the heauens rouse vp a braue minde saies the fiend, and run; well, my conscience hanging about the necke of my heart, saies verie wisely to me: my honest friend *Launcelet*, being an honest mans sonne, or rather an honest womans sonne, for indeede my Father did something smacke something grow too; he had a kinde of taste; wel, my conscience saies *Launcelet* bouge not, bouge saies the fiend, bouge not saies my conscience, confidence say I you counsaile well, fiend say I you counsaile well, to be rul'd by my conscience I should stay with the Iew my Maister, (who God blesse the marke) is a kinde of diuell; and to run away from the Iew I should be ruled by the fiend, who sauing your reuerence is the diuell himselfe: certainly the Iew is the verie diuell incarnation, and in my conscience, my conscience is a kinde of hard conscience, to offer to counsaile me to stay with the Iew; the fiend giues the more friendly counsaile: I will runne fiend, my heeles are at your commandement, I will runne.

Enter old Gobbo with a Basket.

Gob. Maister yong-man, you I praie you, which is the waie to Maister *Jewes*?

Lan. O heauens, this is my true begotten Father, who being more then sand-blinde, high grauel-blinde, knows me not, I will trie confusions with him.

Gob. Maister yong Gentleman, I praie you which is the waie to Maister *Jewes*?
Lan. Turne vpon your right hand at the next turning.